

A JOURNEY TO THE FAR EAST

(By K. BRYAN, Occ. Negro, Philippine Islands.)

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The prospect of a journey to distant lands is a rather pleasing one, especially to those who enjoy traveling and seeing things for themselves. A journey to China, Japan, the Philippines, or India, for instance, takes you half around the world and among strange and interesting peoples, whether you travel over the eastern or western route.

The facilities for travel to the far east are excellent, whichever way one chooses to go. The cost of a first class through ticket from New York to Manila via Suez is about \$400. Or one may stop at London and connect with the Trans-Siberian Railway at Calais, France, or Ostend or Antwerp, Belgium, and go to Vladivostok via Moscow, and from Vladivostok to Japan, China, or the Philippines. The cost of passage from New York to Manila by this route is about the same as via Suez, and has the advantage of being considerably quicker. The usual time required to reach Manila from New York via Suez is about forty-five days. Or if you travel over the Transsiberian Railway the time required is from twenty-seven to thirty days, allowing for poor connections. However, if one chooses to travel cheap he can do so. The third class rate for this trip on North German Lloyd steamers is something less than \$150.

The western route has many features to recommend it, chief of these being that it is shorter and costs considerably less. Furthermore you travel entirely across your own country from Atlantic to Pacific, covering almost every variety of landscape from the level pine woods of the east to the sugar plantations of Louisiana, long stretches of cactus and mesquite in western Texas, dreary wastes of low mountain ranges in New Mexico and Arizona, and fine fruit lands and beautiful mountain scenery in California. The trip across the Pacific is free from the cold foggy weather said to be so prevalent on the Atlantic. It is generally uncomfortably cool just after leaving San Francisco, but after two days out it is quite pleasant. In the winter season it is also cold in Japan and North China. But if the trip is taken in the spring or summer, climatic conditions are very mild and agreeable.

Many Ships For Orient.

Connections with steamers for the east may be made at San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, or Vancouver, B. C. There is hardly a day but that one or more steamers leave some of these ports for the Orient. The Pacific Mail Steamship Co., The Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental Steamship Co., a Japanese concern), The Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Steamship Companies, all operate steamers to and from the Orient. Also the U. S. Army transports sail regularly from San Francisco and Seattle to Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines. Civilians who are in the employ of the Philippine government can travel on the army transports at a price far below that of the regular steamship companies. The transport rate from San Francisco to the Philippines is one dollar per day, including board and lodging. This usually amounts to about thirty dollars for the whole trip, traveling first class. But one must be employed in some capacity by the Philippine government to get these greatly reduced rates. The first class rate on the regular steamship lines from San Francisco to Manila is \$225. Government employes are taken on the regular lines for \$150, and missionaries for \$125, first class or cabin passengers. The Pacific Mail and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha are the principal lines plying from San Francisco. Information concerning the rates and sailings of either of these lines may be had by writing the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., 384 Flood Bldg., San Francisco.

The rail journey to San Francisco from points in North Carolina requires about six days and nights, traveling over the southern route, and costs about \$100, including sleeper and meals en route. This route takes you through Montgomery and Mobile, Ala., New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, and Los Angeles. The distance from Wilmington, N. C., to San Francisco is about three thousand five hundred miles.

Having discussed at length the several routes, and decided which route is most desirable, we come to the trip itself. With your kind per mission I will use the present tense in describing this trip.

I have but little to spare, for my steamer is scheduled to sail from San Francisco on June 12, and it is June 4 before I get my rail transportation arranged. Not knowing exactly how long it will take to get there I decide to take no chances but start immediately.

After the unpleasant features necessarily attendant upon taking leave of home and friends for a long sojourn in distant lands, I start on what promises to be for me a very important journey.

On The Tourist Sleeper.

Leaving Wilmington on the afternoon of June 5 via Savannah I reach Montgomery, Ala., late on the afternoon of June 6. There I get a berth on a tourist sleeper going through to San Francisco. At 9:30 a. m. on June 7 the porter announces in a loud voice our arrival in New Orleans. It is two hours before the "Sunset Express" starts west over the Southern Pacific, so I take a short stroll about the city. This is my second visit to New Orleans. Many strange looking old buildings, of curious architecture. Built by the French, I suppose. The French quarter is as different from the average American city as is Havana or Mexico City. A large busy city, but it is on very low ground, and is rather too hot. I reach the Southern Pacific depot in good time. Have a great dread of getting left, for the Tourist car conductor has my ticket. I find the train ready to go, our tourist car having been shifted across the yards and coupled on to the Southern Pacific train. So all I have to do is to climb aboard and take the double seat assigned to me at Montgomery.

Most of my fellow passengers are already aboard. There is the young wife from Lexington, N. C., going to join her husband in Los Angeles. Two berths ahead are the dignified old gentleman who reminds you of Mark Twain, and his daughter. I learn that they are from Washington, and are on their way to visit a son and brother somewhere in Arizona. Just opposite my berth is the matronly looking lady going to visit her son in San Diego, Cal. Toward the rear is the crippled, sad faced man who is escorting half a dozen undesirable Chinamen to San Francisco to see them safely aboard ship and leaving our usually hospitable shores. In front is the noisy party of three persons, consisting of a browbeaten old man answering to the name of Papa; a red haired girl with a frightful temper; and a very, very stout lady who never finds it possible to stop scolding and fretting at Papa over some act omitted or committed. But horrors! A new offense! Now indeed there is cause for scolding. Papa has just discovered that he has lost the three tickets. After the first wails of despair are over, a very diligent search is begun for the missing tickets. Suitcases, handbags, and all of Papa's pockets are hurriedly turned inside out and the contents examined closely; but the search avails nothing. The Pullman conductor is consulted and tells them that, as much as he hates to put them off, they can't possibly go on his train without their tickets, and advises to get off and telegraph the office where the tickets were bought, and arrange to have the tickets reissued at New Orleans. So after thoroughly subjecting Papa with wrath and scorn, the stout lady and red haired girl file sadly out, Papa bringing up the rear, burdened with numerous grips and bundles, and looking more abused and browbeaten than ever. So the "Sunset Express" begins the westward journey, leaving the Henpeck family with all their sorrows.

A few miles out of the city we cross the Father of Waters on a tremendous barge, three trainloads at a time. Two tugboats tow us across, and we are soon rumbling through swamps and past sugar plantations in southern Louisiana. The road bed is rock-ballasted for about a hundred miles from New Orleans, and as the locomotives are oil burners, there is neither smoke nor dust. After passing the rockballasted section, however, there is so much dust that one must observe the panorama from behind closed shutters. Just before dark we are passing through the oil fields of eastern Texas. Arrive at San Antonio, Texas at half past seven on the morning of June 8. Stop one hour, then westward again. Gently rolling plains covered with cactus and mesquite. Not much agriculture in this part of the state. In the afternoon we cross the Pecos river gorge, three hundred and sixty odd feet above mean water. Makes you dizzy to look down into such an abyss. Our route lies right alongside the Rio Grande for quite a way in the region of the mouth of Devil's river, so we can look across into Mexico.

Ever Westward.

Arrive at El Paso at half past seven on the morning of June 9, just twenty-four hours after reaching San Antonio. We are late, having lost time because of heavy rains and high water, so stop only fifteen minutes in El Paso. Several Mexicans strolling about the station grounds, wearing their broad brimmed sombreros, wrapped in their gaily colored sarapes, and wearing their homemade shoes in true Mexican style. Off again westward. All day long we are crossing desolate wastes where there is but

little sign of life, either animal or vegetable, passing bare and lonesome looking mountains, and occasional villages of sundried brick huts. Cross the Colorado river about two o'clock on the morning of June 10. Reach Los Angeles at half past eleven, a. m. on the same day, after passing through some of the famous fruit country of Southern California. Much more mountainous than I had expected to find it; only the valleys being fertile and cultivated. Occasional stretches of drifting sand among the mountains. Every little bush has a mound of sand on the side toward the wind, and a corresponding depression on the side away from the wind.

Los Angeles is a very prosperous city with a population nearly equal to that of San Francisco or Washington City. At five o'clock on the afternoon of June 10 we leave Los Angeles on the last lap of the rail journey, going through the three mile tunnel and up the coast route, instead of up the main valley, toward San Francisco. Just before dark I sight the Pacific ocean for the first time, an acquaintance with which I am soon to become quite familiar.

At half past nine o'clock on the morning of June 11 I arrive in San Francisco, after a journey covering more than three thousand five hundred miles of hill and dale, and six days and nights of time. It seems that I have already traveled a very long way, but I know that I have not yet gone one-third of the distance to my destination.

GUILFORD HAS FIRST FOOTBALL SINCE 1904

(Special to The News and Observer.)

Greensboro, Oct. 31.—In the first game of football played on the local ground since 1904 the Guilford football team lost to the plucky team representing the Carolina freshmen by the score of 13 to 12. The first-year men took advantage of the inexperience of the local eleven and in the first quarter of the game secured two touchdowns with one goal kick. The first touchdown came early in the first quarter as a result of a fluke kick-off and two costly fumbles combined with a penalty of ten yards. On this occasion Carolina failed to kick goal.

The second touchdown was the result of another fumble which was followed with a beautiful forward pass and a series of end runs, and which produced the second score for the visitors. Carolina kicked goal after this touchdown thus giving the Freshmen a total of 13 points and the game. After the first quarter the Guilford goal was never in danger, the ball being in the visitor's territory most of the time.

In the fourth quarter the Guilford club got down to real work and scored two touchdowns on straight football. Seamus, the captain of the team, carrying the ball over both times on line plunges. The failure of Hinkle to kick goal after the first score and the ignorance of the rules after the second touchdown prevented a tied score or a possible victory.

The features of the contest were the line plunging of Seamus for Guilford, made possible by the splendid work of Groome, in the line, and the all-round work of Shepherd, the quarter back for the freshmen. The local club played a hard game after the first quarter in which they seemed to be rather nervous which was particularly visible in the number of costly fumbles they made. A lack of experience was obvious. The Freshmen, though out-weighted, played a plucky game and fought throughout the entire contest.

GIRL USHERS AS CHURCH LURES

They Will Show Congregation To Seats Every Sunday Evening. Bridgeport (Conn.) Dispatch New York World.

For the first time in the history of the State girl ushers have served in the Washington Park Methodist Episcopal church here. The Rev. Everett A. Burns, the pastor, said the girls will act in that capacity every Sunday evening.

"I hope that the young men who might otherwise absent themselves from services will attend because of the girl ushers," he said. The girls, all from well-to-do families, are Helen Clinton, Mildred Curtis, Anna Backmyer, Emma Smith, Ella Crabtree, Irene Chapman and Clarice Bray. Mrs. Julia Griffin also is an usher.

TOOTHACHE SAVES FAMILY

San Francisco Chronicle. But for the moaning of little Johnnie Evick, who awoke about 4 o'clock in the morning, suffering from a toothache, the lives of himself and his parents as well as those of neighbors, the family of Joseph Saitz, 507 Vermont street, might have been sacrificed to the flames that were raging in the Saitz home. An overheated chimney was the origin of the fire.

The Evicks, whose home adjoins that of Saitz, arose to attend to the youngster and noticed the glare of flames through a window. An alarm was immediately sent to headquarters and, pending the arrival of the fire-fighting apparatus, neighbors aided in arousing the sleeping Saitzes and providing shelter for them. The loss is estimated at \$7,500, and is fully covered by insurance.

U. S. IS SOUNDED ON CHINA'S PLANS

(Continued from Page One)

the question involved a possible upset of the political equilibrium of the Far East, since a revolution was certain to follow such a change. Any convulsion in China, it was pointed out, in view of the disturbed political conditions of the world, might prove embarrassing.

The fact that the American government had lent its support to the republic when it was created, being the first to extend recognition, was relied upon by the powers as likely to influence the United States to interest itself in the present situation. While the United States would not interfere at this time, its attitude does not preclude the possibility that if the Chinese government itself asks for American views or advice, it would be given.

As a matter of fact, official sentiment has not crystallized definitely here as to the merits of the change.

Elections to Decide.

That the subject is likely to develop more importance as the November date for the assembling of the citizens convention in China approaches is evident from the efforts being made by the Allies to persuade President Yuan Shi Kai to issue a decree postponing a decision of a question indefinitely.

The theory was advanced among allied diplomats here that China is being influenced indirectly by Germany in the hope that Japan's attention will be concentrated on a possible revolutionary outburst in China with the resultant suspension of ammunition shipments from Japan to Russia.

There is nothing, however, to indicate Germany's attitude toward the change of government in China.

Pretty Herd of Cattle.

(Special to The News and Observer.)

Thomasville, Oct. 31.—No prettier herd of cattle can be found anywhere than the one grazing on the hills of the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage. Everyone of the herd is a blooded Holstein and the markings are as perfect as can be. Thirty head are now giving about 70 gallons of milk a day for the orphanage. The dairy is a model of cleanliness. Each cow as it comes from the pasture in the evening goes straight to its stall. Every cow has a name which is painted on the headpiece of the stall. The dairy boys have four or five cows each to milk twice each day. The milk from each cow is weighed to find out whether she is "leafing on the job." If a cow is found that isn't paying for her keep and making a nice little profit she is sent to the butcher and converted into beef. Young cattle are always coming on to replenish the milking herd. The separator and dairy houses are as spotless as the snow and nothing but sanitary methods employed in handling both milk and butter.

Has Record Size Potatoe.

F. S. Bower, of the Emanuel section, says he raised a sweet potato this season that measured 29 1/2 inches. The potato was not very thick but was large enough to slice and fry at each end. Mr. Bower has a fine crop of potatoes this year.

WANT TO BE A HUNDRED?

Milwaukee Man Gives Rules For Doing It Easily.

New York Tribune. George Brosius, of Milwaukee, one of the oldest exponents of physical education in the United States, and who taught physical culture in various cities in the country for 59 years, told a reporter the other day that men and women could live to be 100 years old if they systematized their exercise and regulated their eating and sleeping.

Brosius, who recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, has been visiting at the home of his son-in-law, A. E. Kindervater, 4065 Arsenal street, St. Louis, says The Star of that place. Several years ago scientists in Germany who made a physical examination of Brosius said there was no reason, barring accidents, why he should not live to be 100 years old.

He said he often felt like a young lion, and advised those who wished to live long to obey the following instructions:

Retire every night several hours before midnight.

Arise at 5 o'clock and walk briskly several miles.

Breathe deeply.

Take a cold shower with a vigorous rubdown with a rough towel.

Exercise with light Indian clubs or dumbbells.

Eat breakfast of oatmeal, an orange or grapefruit, eggs, toast and one cup of coffee and eat it slowly.

Brosius' hair is snow white, but he walks with a firm step, and those who follow his advice will be considered young at 40, middle-aged between 60 and 70 and old only after that time. He also said that many of the minor sicknesses persons suffer from can be eliminated by proper exercising.

The first English newspaper is said to have appeared in 1620, when Dutch printers and booksellers began printing in Amsterdam news sheets in English for circulation in England.